THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1803.

AMUSING.

EULOGY ON GEESE.

AFFLICTED as I sometimes am, with that scorbutic disease, the itch for appearing in print, I have been puzzling my brain two whole hours, to find a subject for your paper; when at last, one was fortunately suggested to me, by happening to fix my eyes attentively on my pen, which I was all the time holding in my hand. Among all the subjects which have engaged the attention of the learned, I do not remember to have seen an eulogy on *geese*; be this, then, my theme; and I doubt not, but it will appear, in the sequel of this discussion, that excepting the cow and the sheep, there is no living creature upon earth, below the rank of man, which is of so much use and importance as the goose.

Were I disposed to pursue this momentous subject in its various details, I might quote the story of the Roman historian, which relates that imperial Rome itself, was once saved from the fangs of an invading foe, by the cackling of a goose; I might expatiate on the delicious flesh of this feathered animal, and especially on the unequalled delicacy of its *down*, that fills the pillow upon which the lovely Chloe lays her head. I might also bring into view the laudable obsequiousness of geese manifested in their implicitly following the *FILE-LEADER*; likewise their scientific skill, which has been evinced by their ærial voyages, sometimes of a thousand miles without the help of a magnetic needle, or a quadrant. But waving these topics, I shall confine myself to the *quill*, that this creature needs for the use of man, and which, more than any other instrument, promotes human intelligence.

Hail, Goose-quill! while I am holding thee in my hand, I will describe and proclaim thy worth. But for thee, in vain had Faustus invented the art of printing. But for thee, fair science would famish, or would be monopolized, as of old, by a few.

The world had been inhabited almost five thousand years, before the inestimable worth of the goose-quill was discovered. The old Romans used a bodkin, made of metal or some other hard substance, for a pen; and they wrote on tables covered with wax.—Hence, a famous code of their laws, which were engraven in this manner, was called, "*the twelve tables.*" This kind of pen was also used by the ancient Arabians and Hebrews. Job, who was probably an Arabian, and lived as early or earlier than the time of Moses speaks of graving with "a pen of iron." Jeremiah said, "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond it is graven upon the table of their hearts." This had an undoubted reference to their manner of writing, like the Romans on waxen tables, and with a pen made of iron, or a sharpened piece of a diamond. It was also with reference to this that Solomon commanded his pupil "to write his precepts upon the table of his heart."—That ancient mode of writing, which must have been very inconvenient and slow, was superseded by the use of coloured liquids, or ink; when the pen of iron gave place to the *calamus*, a kind of reed that grew in Egypt, but the best sort, in the southern provinces of Persia. These reeds were split and sharpened to a point. Nor was it until sometime in the seventh century of the era, that some happy genius hit upon the discovery of making pens from the quills of geese, This I scruple not to declare, as it respects the republic of letters, was among the most important discoveries which have been made by man. Writing has since been rendered unspeakably more easy; and the world has been furnished with a plenty and cheaper supply of pens.

Goose-quills are among the real necessaries of life. They are used in almost every kind of business. They are the props and promoters of science. Without their aid the wheels of business would be obstructed; printing-presses would be struck with a deadly palsy; and the arts and sciences would sink speedily toward the state of savage barbarism. The horse is a fine creature, and much has been said and sung in praise of this noble animal; but were horses to be struck out of existence, it might perhaps be less calamitous to man than the extinction of the race of geese.

Hail inestimable bird! What are the gay plumage of the peacock, and the delicious notes of the nightengale, in comparison with the value of thy quills!

The eagle that pierces the clouds and wings his daring flight toward heaven, was, by the ancient Greeks and Romans, consecrated to Jupiter. The grave and moody-looking bird the owl, was supposed to be the favorite of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. In those days of superstition and idolatry, if the full worth of the goose had been known, it might perhaps have been generally worshiped, as was the apis or ox, in Egypt.

[H. BAL.] *A Knight of the Goose-Quill.*

"A STRANGE WORLD THIS!"

YES, and a strange sort of beings inhabit it! Indeed, I am of opinion that the world is not so much to blame as the inhabitants; and was every person strictly to examine his own conduct, I am persuaded, in stead of laying the blame on the world, he would say of himself—"*A strange creature this!*"—But to attend to the consequences of our own conduct, is a talk too burdensome; it is much easier to lay all the censure upon the world.—The preacher, who, by his dulness has driven all his people from the church, looks round (after he has delivered a soporific) at the empty pews, and sighs out "what a dull congregation!"—"*A strange world this!*"

Authors who

——————"Painful vigils keep,
"Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,"

when they find their works are neglected and themselves sinking into oblivion, quarrel with their readers for their want of taste: "*This,*" say they, "*is a strange world!*"

Farmers, who mix rye with their wheat, pour water into their cider, tie up swingling tow with their flax, and practise twenty other frauds with their produce, when they find it will not sell, lay the blame on the merchant, for endeavoring to keep down the market: "*A strange world this!*" say they with deep groans, as they return home, after having been forced to sell their adulterated produce at half price.

The merchant who has jockeyed, shaved, and bit his customers, until none, but those

who are forced by their poverty, will deal with him, when he perceives his honest neighbor taking his best custom from him, he exclaims, "*A strange world this!*"

The haughty spark, paying his addresses to a lady of prudence and sensibility, depending upon the wealth of his father, and his own fashionable *chapeau* and powdered locks to carry every thing before him; when he finds himself neglected, and the affection of the lady placed upon some industrious worthy mechanic, begins to think all women are fools, that "*This is a strange world!*"

The parents of the lady, who always looked upon riches as the "one thing needful," and who consider men without wealth as the Mahometans do women, as having no souls, will be ready to tear the hair off their daughters' heads.

Here I am ready to cry out myself,—"*A strange world this!*"

BIOGRAPHY.

DANIEL DANCER, Esq. late of Pinner, England, was a man not more remarkable for his wordly riches, than from his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessaries of life, he left property to the amount of 3000l. a year to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. So perfectly penurious was he in his disposition, that rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourse to the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen; of which he would swill so enormously as to be obliged to roll himself on the floor to sleep. He generally had his body girt by a hayband, to keep together his tattered garments; and the stockings he usually wore had been so frequently darned and patched, that hardly any of the original could be seen. In cold and dirty weather, however, they were thickly covered with ropes of hay, which served as substitutes for boots. His whole garb, indeed, resembled that of a miserable mendicant. He had an old horse, but never would allow more than two shoes for his forefeet, deeming those for his hind-feet unnecessary expence.

Mr. Dancer would never take snuff, conceiving such an indulgence to be extravagant, but he always carried a snuff-box: this he would probably fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others. When the box was full he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighboring chandler's shop. This candle served him till he had time to fill the box again, as he never suffered any light in his house, except while he was going to bed. He seldom washed his face and hands; but when the sun shone forth he would repair to a neighboring pool, and substitute sand for soap. When he had performed the operation of washing, he would lie on his back and dry himself with the solar beams; as he never used a towel, because it would wear out, and when dirty the washing would be expensive. Having come to London one day for the purpose of investing 2000l. in the funds, a gentleman near the Royal Exchange observed him, and taking him for a wretched beggar, humanely slipped a penny into his hand; which the old man received with a degree of surprise; but instantly recollecting, that "every little helps," he pocketed the affront, and walked on.

This parsimonious man never had more than one shirt at a time, which, being purchased at an old cloaths shop, seldom exceeded half-a-crown in price; nor did it ever, after falling into his possession, undergo the operation of either washing or mending, but was doomed to perpetual slavery, till it literally dropt in pieces from his back. Hence, it may naturally be supposed, that, though Mr. Dancer seldom associated with his neighbors, he was at all times attended by a very numerous company, whose personal attachment rendered mankind extremely cautious of approaching him. In the purchase of an old shirt, he once supposed himself cheated by a woman of the vast sum of *three pence*; in consequence of which, he commenced a suit against her in the Court of Conscience; the *poor* old woman was, however, nonsuited; and, besides the original debt of three pence, he incurred the expence of near five shillings for costs. To add to his distress, he expended on the road from Pinner to London, and back again, three half-pence more.

Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate miser; and, though she knew that she should share the bulk of his fortune with Captain Holmes, she endeavoured to persuade him to enjoy the good things of this life, but in vain. Once, indeed, she prevailed upon him to purchase an old hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew for a *shilling*; but to her great astonishment, when she called the next day, she beheld the old *chapeau* on his head. On inquiry, it appeared, that he had prevailed on Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat of him, at the advanced price of *eighteen pence*, and congratulated himself on his dexterity in clearing six pence by the transaction. One day Lady Tempest sent him a present of trout stewed in claret, of which he was extremely fond. It was frosty weather, and the whole, from being kept all night, was frozen almost into ice. Being much afflicted with the tooth-ache, he could not touch it, and to light a fire he thought expensive; therefore, as he generally lay in bed to keep himself warm in cold weather, he caused the fish and sauce to be put between two pewter plates, on which he sat untill the rich repast was tolerably warm.

Of lawyers and phisicians he entertained a very unfavorable opinion. Sooner than have any connection with a lawyer, he said he would deal with the devil; and to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavoring to patch up *one* blemish in the human frame, never fail to make *ten*." He seemed to have something of the leaven of predestination in his composition; for, when his sister lay upon her death-bed, being importuned to call in medical assistance, he sternly replied, "Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavoring to counteract the will of Providence?" Perhaps, the dread of expence, operated more powerfully upon him than his religious tenets.

During his last illness, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt, remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation; when he replied, that "having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to get out of it in the same manner." She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his servant, Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose.

Mr. Dancer's house, which is now in the possession of Captain Holmes, is a most miserable building, and has not been repaired for half a centuary: though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently discovered to be very rich within. Captain Holmes having, at different times found large bowls filled with guineas and half guineas, and parcels of bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs.

This singular man died in October 17[illegible]. Since his death, large jugs of dollars and shillings have been found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose, even Griffiths could not tell. It now appears however, that he used to rob one jug, to add to the bowl, which was, since his death found buried in the kitchen.

HISTORICAL.

ARTAXERXES being routed in a battle and put to flight, after his baggage and provisions had been plundered, he found himself so pressed with hunger, that he was reduced to eat a piece of barley-bread and some dry figs. But he found such a relish in them that he cried out, "O, God! how many pleasures has plenty deprived me of, to this hour."

—

DIOGENES being asked, the biting of which beast was the most dangerous? answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's—if tame ones, the flatterer's."

—

MARCUS LIVIUS, after Fabius Maximus had retaken Tarentum, boasted, that

Fabius was indebted to him for the success of the enterprize ; and endeavored to efface the merit of the atchievment. "True," said Fabius, "I acknowledge your assistance, for had you not lost it, I could never have retaken it."

—

ANTIMACHUS the poet, reading his verses, was deserted by all his hearers save Plato, to whom he said, "I shall proceed nevertheless ; Plato is himself an audience."

—

KING John being shewn a stately monument, erected over the grave of a nobleman who had rebelled against him, and being advised to deface it, answered, "No ; I wish all my enemies were as honorably buried."

—

HENRY the Fourth of France, was dignified without pride, mild without pusillanimity, and generous without prodigality. He used frequently to observe, that the satisfaction to be derived from revenge, was momentary ; but that which was gained from clemency, lasted forever.

—

SOME old soldiers sentenced to be shot for a breach of discipline ; at their passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What language could equal this ! The powers of eloquence might have exerted their influence in vain ; but this failed not of its effect.

—

WHEN Marshal de la Ferte made his entry into Mentz, the Jews, who are tolerated there, came to compliment him as the other inhabitants did : as soon as he was informed they were in the anti-chamber ; I will not see those rascals, said he ; they are the poeple who put my master to death ; do not suffer them to come in. They were then told that the Marshal could not be spoken with ; to which they replied, they were extremely sorry for it, as they had brought him a present of four thousand Pistoles ;—Marshal de la Ferte being immediately made acquainted with that ; let them be admitted, said he, these poor devils did not certainly know who he was, when they crucified him.

Polemic Society.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, when the following Question was discussed :—

"Is a Representative in Congress to be guided by the will of his Constituents in preference to his own ?"

And after a lengthy debate, it was determined in the affirmative, by a large majority.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"Is Celibacy more conducive to Happiness than Matrimony ?"

MORALIST.

[Selected from Sturm's Reflections.]

ON THE WORKS OF NATURE.

[No. II.]

NATURE DISPLAYED.

" To me be NATURE's volume broad display'd ;
" And to peruse its all instructive page,
" Or haply catching inspiration thence,
" Some easy passage, rapture'd, to translate,
" My sole delight." THOMPSON.

HAPPY the man, whose genius, rising above the mere gratification of his senses, prompts him to inquire, with the assistance of reason, into the true cause of things, and to pierce through the dark veil which conceals from mortals the mysteries of nature ! How insensible are mankind ! They stop to observe the course of a river. Supinely lying on the green turf, they contemplate the clear stream murmuring as it flows. The coolness of the water, the enamelled field, the verdure of its banks ; every thing enchants their sight. But few know how to enjoy a still greater pleasure, that of tracing the source itself of these waters, the inexhaustible reservoir whence they proceed.—Thus, we generally look only on the outside of things. But let us go deeper ; let us dare to open a path into the recesses of nature. How noble is it to reflect on the principles of things, to contemplate their essence ! It is to this that the wise man soars ; all the rest is but the trifling amusement of the vulgar. It would be totally impossible to reckon all the blessings of nature, bestowed upon us ; but let us endeavor to comprehend in some degree, how much we owe to our sovereign Benefactor. For this purpose, let us look into the places of our several enjoyments, and see what productions of the earth are there presented to us. The flowers, which appear but a mere amusement, are lovely ornaments to our retreats, and by the sweets they exhale, and the beautiful colours with which they are adorned, charm and delight us. The orchards and kitchen-gardens are not so pleasing to the eye, but their utility compensates for this : they produce successions of excellent provisions for our tables during the whole year, much more wholesome than those invented by art to excite, or (more properly speaking) to corrupt, our taste.

Let us go a little farther ; let us quit the confinement of towns and villages, to enjoy the spacious fields where the industry of man produces that staff of life, that bread which supports the whole human species.—The earth faithfully rewards the farmer's toil, and returns with incredible interest all that is laid out upon it. Unimpaired by age, it constantly resumes the charms of spring, and the luxuriance of summer ; and, after having produced the most plentiful harvest, a winter's rest entirely repairs its losses.

Let us now enter into the woods. The light of day obscured by the thick foliage of the stately trees, the pleasing coolness, the still silence that reigns through all, combine to give them a striking air of solemnity and grandeur. What human industry would be sufficient to plant, to water, and to take care of those trees, so indispensible to us : for without them, where should we find fuel to prepare our food, and to protect us from perishing with cold ! God alone creates and preserves those forests, which are in so many ways of inestimable value to us.

Let us now glance over our meadows and pasture. We behold them enamelled with flowers, and full of all sorts of herbs, which not only serve as pasture for animals, but many of them are delightful to us, and furnish us with excellent medicines.

How beautiful an object, how great an ornament to nature, is a river ! Whether we stop to reflect upon its motion and utility, or its origin and supplies. The beauty of its course charms us, the multitude of blessings it affords fills us with gratitude, and the obscurity of its source raises our admiration. It is at first but a little stream trickling down a hill, and which the smallest pebble is enough to divert from its course : But soon, the overflowing of lakes, the melting of snow, the falling of floods, enlarge it. It makes itself a bed, and flows copiously into it : it enriches the fisherman's hut, and the laborer's dwelling ; and, after having been the ornament and delight of the country, it flows with majesty towards the cities, where it conveys plenty, by means of the ships it bears. "The river of God is full of water ;" thousands of springs burst from the bosom of the earth, and the vast ocean embracing it, absorbs the whole.

In the inside of our globe, as in a vast magazine, are found laid up for our different occasions, salts of various sorts, quarries, mines, stones, metals, &c.

Lastly, the very air which we breathe is full of blessings. The clouds which collect there pour upon us these fruitful rains, which "water our furrows, and make them soft, and which cause the land to yield its fruits in their season." The same air, besides giving free passage to those winds which sweep away contagion, transmits also this beneficial light and these salubrious rays which illumine, warm, and quicken all nature.

Here let us pause, and adore that beneficent, that almighty hand, that only, inexhaustible source, that ocean, whence flow all our blessings. And let us endeavor to deserve those that are eternal, which as much surpass the present, as the Heavens are beyond the earth, eternity beyond time, the creator beyond the creature.

POETRY.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

[The Abbe DELISLE, a French exile, who has been robbed of his whole fortune by the revolution, and has taken refuge in England from the tyranny of his own country, has recently published a poem, entitled, "L'Hommes des Champs, oudes Georgiques Francoise," in four cantos; the general object of which is, to describe the enjoyments of a country life. The English Reviewers have denominated the author, "the most illustrious poet in Europe;" and have bestowed uncommon encomiums upon his work. They have accompanied their extracts from the poem with translations, in hopes of giving some faint idea of the beauty of the original to those who are not familiarly conversant with the French language. The following beautiful lines, which powerfully awaken the tender recollection of youthful scenes, are selected from the translation of a passage in the fourth canto, in which are given the rules of rural poetry:]

BUT well the pencil paints, when to our eyes
It bids fair scenes of pleasures past arise;
I love the landscape which your verse pourtrays:
But when you add, "Here pas'd my early days:
Here op'd my eyes to light, my heart to joy,
These were my haunts, a gay and careless boy!"
Then fancy gives me back the fields, Auvergne;
Bids me thy awful brow, Mont D'or, discern:
As, after twice ten years of absence past,
Half-veil'd in shawdowy clouds, I saw thee last,
With rapture saw again each well-known scene,
The wooden hills! the vales of smiling green!
Though scarce observ'd, for my impatient soul!
Outruns my coursers to the wish'd for goal.
I saw it! and a joy unknown before,
Swells at my heart; I run each object o'er;
I wander long; where'er I turn my eyes
A croud of tender recollections rise.
There is the tree, beneath whose ample shade
I oft have seen by breath of zephyrs fade,
With no small grief, my palaces of sand;
And there along the stream my little hand
Has often hurl'd the pebble, smooth and round,
To see it bound, now glide, and now rebound,
Skimming the surface of the glassy tide,
Whilst I exulting stood, and watch'd beside.
But with what language shall I seek t' impart
The joy I felt, when, clasping to my heart,
Dissolv'd in tears, her, on whose tender breast
My infant frame was nourish'd and caress'd;
And him, the good old man! who us'd to guide
My infant steps when tott'ring by his side!
When, to my eager sight, at last appears
The reverend pastor of my early years,
Impassion'd, I exclaim, "Scenes of my birth,
My first desires, my hours of thoughtless mirth!
Oh! tell me beauteous scenes, where shall I find
Those dear, first pleasures of my youthful mind!"
No more—these tender thoughts bear me aside,
But to my subject, now my pen I guide.

[The following lines, translated from the same canto, strongly excite the reader's sympathy, when the situation of the writer is related:]

Ah! why in vain the muse has lent her power,
To make me fondly love my native bow'r;
Taught me to ornament its various scene,
To taste with bliss the rural life serene.
Oh! fields forever dear! Oh! friends belov'd!
From you my heart at least has never rov'd.
Oh! when shall I, no longer doom'd to roam,
Behold once more my fields, my friends, my home?
No cares tumultous in my peaceful breast,
When wak'd each morn from each refreshing rest;
To add some flow'r, some shrub of brighter green,
To artless taste, to deck the rustic scene;
Or idly wander o'er, the various page,
Of some pure classic, or some antique sage;
Or eat my frugal meal, or sip my bowl,
Nor heed the lazy hours that o'er me roll;
Or seek a chosen few, or muse alone,
The world unheeding, by the world unknown.

[The following verses conclude the poem:]

While discord shook the trembling world around,
Beneath my native rocks I shelter found;
And though the wide horrizon round me lour'd,
With voice still free, my moral strain I pour'd.
Of virtue, nature, country life, I sung,
And happy o'er my theme enamour'd hung.
Oh! may the gods my rustic notes approve,
And 'midst those scenes, which I so fondly love,
Grant to my age, ere this frail being ends,
Some few returning springs, my books, my friends.

PLEASURE AND DESIRE.

IN yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid;
He will not wake and she sits weeping,
When lo! a stranger proffers aid.

His hurried step, his glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare;
"Wake, Pleasure, wake!" exclaims Desire,
And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

But soon the maid, in luckless hour,
Desire asleep is doom'd to view;
"Try, Pleasure, try!" she cries, "your power,
And wake Derire, as he 'woke you."

Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure,
Distinct his province each must keep;
Desire shall ever wait on Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

HUMORIST.

THE circumstance of Dr. Lettsome having liberally subscribed 30l. for flannel waistcoats, blankets, &c. and other comforts for the soldiers, although as a Quaker, he could not contribute to military measures, reminds us of one of that society, who, being asked to subscribe towards the erection of a new church, replied, "Friend, I cannot consistently subscribe towards building thy church, but I will give thee 100l. to pull the old one down."

This again reminds us of another anecdote of a Quaker who had the command of a trading vessel which had to encounter an enemy's lugger on the voyage. His principles forbade him to fight direct; he therefore resigned the command to the mate.—In the course of the action, however, things did not go on to his liking, and he addressed the mate in the following terms:—"If thou meanest to hit the enemy, friend, thou shouldst point thy guns a little more abaft."

A young pert prating lawyer, one day boasted to the facetious counsellor Costello, that he had received twenty-five guineas for speaking in a certain cause. "And I," said Mr. Costello, "received *double* that sum for *holding* my tongue in the same cause."

Some time ago, while a very large proprietor of colleries in the east of Scotland, was instructing his daughter, a child of seven years old, in the doctrine of rewards and punishments; she was very inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon its being explained to be a gulph of fire, of prodigious extent, where all the wicked were to suffer for their transgressions; after musing a little, she exclaimed, "Dear papa, could you not get the Devil to take his coals from you?"

A gentleman of Leeds, in his description of his *eloped* wife, says, "she has a *tongue that cuts like a razor.*"

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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